

**EmuMovies**

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# XENOMORPH

**IMPORTANT**

THE PROGRAM & DATA DISCS  
MUST BE WRITE PROTECTED AT  
ALL TIMES

**MANUAL**

**PANDORA**

# XENOMORPH

**Amiga Version Programmed by DAVID NEALE**

**IBM Version Programmed by CHRIS SAWYER**

**Atari ST Version Programmed by DAVID NEALE**

**C64 Version Programmed by IAN DENNY**

**Archimedes Version Programmed by DAVID NEALE**

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**This manual is dedicated to Maureen Furzey**

## XENOMORPH

Welcome to Xenomorph, a whole new world will open up before you when you take your first steps from your space ship.

To help you survive why not try out the game controls within the confines of your ship the Mombassa Oak.

Once you are familiar with the game controls detailed in the intro section, sit back and read the Novella.

The Novella contains a history of events leading up to your present position.

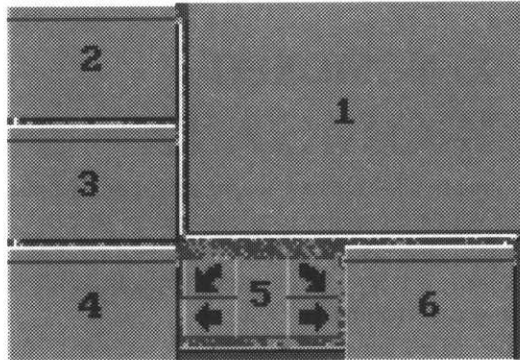
The sections on Equipment and Weapons are intended to be used as reference so why not leave those sections until you find objects with which you are unfamiliar.

The Appendix section is contained on a separate sheet and contains extra instructions that may be relevant to your machine. It also contains a useful keyboard control guide.

Xenomorph is not just a game but a test of survival, your ultimate aim is to return to civilisation (ALIVE!).

Hint: remember, short controlled bursts.

## SCREEN LAYOUT



The game screen is divided into one large area and five smaller ones

AREA 1 : is the main view of the outside world.

AREA 2 : is the statistics area.

AREA 3 : is the special equipment area.

AREA 4 : shows what is contained in the left hand

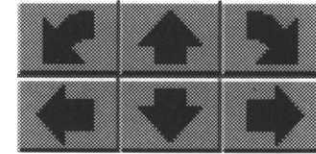
AREA 5 : contains the movement icons.

AREA 6 : shows what is contained in the right hand

The six movement icons allow you to move about the ship and mining colony

ARROW 1 : Rotates you anticlockwise through 90 degrees

ARROW 2 : Moves you forward 10 feet.



ARROW 3 : Rotates you clockwise through 90 degrees

ARROW 4 : Moves you left 10 feet whilst maintaining the direction you are facing.

ARROW 5 : Moves you backwards 10 feet.

ARROW 6 : Moves you right 10 feet whilst maintaining the direction you are facing.

Simply place the mouse over the respective movement icon and press the left mouse button. Holding down the mouse button will continually move you in the chosen direction.

Alternatively use the keyboard controls to emulate the mouse icons.  
( refer to keyboard control card )

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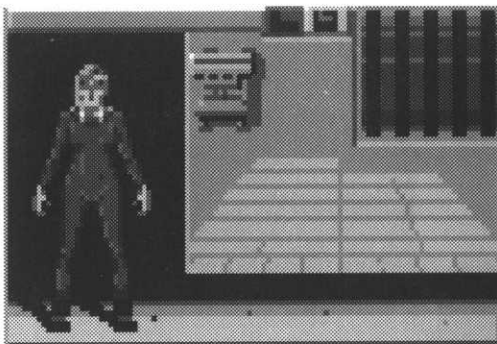
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## THE INVENTORY

Objects may be stored for later use by entering the inventory screen.

To do this press the right mouse button.



The main view area of the screen will be replaced by your inventory screen and now you can place objects in the pack area of the inventory screen.

Objects may be carried in your back pack and placed in any one of the twenty five zones within it. Placing an object on an already occupied zone will exchange your currently held object with it.

You can place objects quickly into your pack without accessing the inventory screen by placing the object onto the stats screen and then pressing the left mouse button. The object will be thrown into the pack's next available zone.

## MOVING OBJECTS

To pick up objects the hand pointer must be visible. If it is not then click on the right mouse button once, so that the hand icon appears. The reason the hand icon is not visible is because you are in the fire mode.



Point at the object you wish to pick up and press the left mouse button.

The hand icon will disappear and it will be replaced by the objects image.

Failure to successfully pick up an object off the floor usually means you are standing too far from it. Try moving closer to the required object.

Objects can be stored in the packs inventory for later use.

Try experimenting with objects you are unfamiliar with to see what they do.

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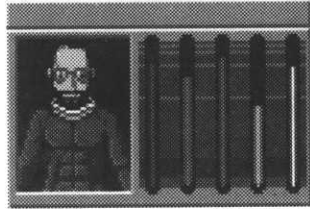
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## STATISTICS

When you choose your character he or she will have five sets of statistics which describe how well they are.

Each column cannot be increased above its maximum e.g you cannot by artificial means increase your health beyond 100% by continually taking drugs.



The red column displays HEALTH

As you suffer damage from attacking aliens your health decreases. When the red column reaches zero you will die.

Your health can be increased with the correct medication.

The blue column displays STAMINA

As you rush about the mining colony you will become tired and your stamina will decrease. When your stamina reaches zero you will be too exhausted to carry on. You can regain your stamina by simply resting or by use of certain types of drugs.

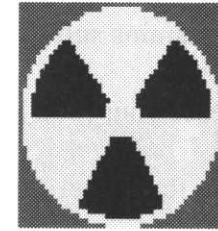
The white column displays RADIATION  
ABSORBED DOSE

Due to the widespread use of radioactive elements in many day to day items ,leaks are inevitable.

Some areas aboard the ship also have high background level of radiation.

The white column indicates the cumulative amount of radiation received by you. As it reaches a maximum your health and stamina will begin to suffer. As time goes by you will become progressively more and more poisoned by radiation.

To decrease the amount of radiation poisoning a series of drugs have been developed and these can totally counteract the effects of radiation sickness.



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The green column displays FOOD LEVEL

Food is an indication of how starving you are. When you run low on food your stamina suffers as well as your health.

Eating food will increase your food level up to a maximum of 100 % .

Eating food when your food level is at a maximum is wasteful and has no effect.

The yellow column displays WATER LEVEL

Water is essential to life and how thirsty you are will effect your stamina and eventually you health. Dehydration is increased when you run or wear environmental suits.

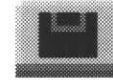
Dehydration is also enhanced by the air conditioning units.

Drinking will increase you water level

## LOAD / SAVE GAME

Select the inventory screen by clicking on the right mouse button

Select the small disk icon at the top of the inventory screen.



To save your current game position , select the save game icon and follow the on screen prompts.



To load a peviously saved game select the load game icon and follow the on screen prompts.



To return to the game select the game icon.



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# NOVELLA

The fresh glass of beer in front of me was my third, and already I was enjoying myself. I took a mouthful of the sweet brew and returned to the conversation.

"That was the old Hypersleep 2-21s. They don't make those anymore," Zena was saying.

"Still," I shrugged, "At least they were better than the Zion 14s. Remember the *Beijing San*?"

"What happened to the *Beijing San*?" Sam Ansell looked worried. I could swear he had turned a shade whiter since we started drinking. It was his fault really. He should know better than to ask a couple of old star jockeys like Zena and myself about interstellar travel. He was making his first trip out in the morning and wanted a little reassurance. Could we help allay his fears?

How could we refuse? He had bought the first round after all. I had started with the old story about the XP-17A, which he had heard anyway. I embellished it slightly, mentioning that since then onboard sensors had occasionally caught sight of the missing test flight while in the Big Empty.

That lead onto other missing flights. We had since moved onto malfunctions in the cryogenics. The *Beijing San* was quite a good one, if a little fantastic.

"Well, nobody really knows," said Zena. "The *Beijing San* turned up at Procyon on schedule but something had gone wrong with the freezers."

"The Zion 14s?"

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"Exactly. Nobody knows how they malfunctioned, but instead of freezing the crew and passengers, the 14s cooked them instead. Eighteen months of slow cooking reduced everyone aboard to a thick reddish slime. It was disgusting."

"But I wouldn't worry about that," I added seeing Sam's face turn a shade whiter. "We haven't lost anyone in the freezers for about three years now. They're perfectly safe. Don't worry." I hid a smile in my beer.

This was fun. I was glad I accepted Zena's invite for a last drink before my trip. It promised to be spectacularly dull - a routine supply drop to a bunch of grubby miners in the Sirius system.

That was tomorrow, for now we were propped up in *Roxy's*, one of two gravity bars in the Vetz orbital dockyard complex. We sat by the window overlooking a shadowed earth below us.

"Well. You could cop out." Zena casually took a swig from her glass, waiting for Sam to take the bait.

He did not disappoint her, "Cop out? What does that mean?"

"Cross Over Psychosis. C - O - P. Cop out," she said, as if that explained everything.

Sam still looked blank, so I elaborated. "You see the Big Empty drives you mad. Scrambles your-" I stopped, seeing the blank look on his face.

"The Big Empty?"

Zena sighed. "Hyperspace."

He nodded knowingly. It had dozens of names: hyperspace, warp, nullspace, jump, spaceminus, spaceplus. That mystery region of imaginary physics

beyond Crossover which permitted mankind access to the stars.

"Call it what you will, it's the Big Empty to us. You see," she stared straight into his blue eyes, "There's nothing there."

He stared back, locked by those entrancing eyes.

"Anyhow," I said a mite testily, "the Big Empty scrambles your brains. The effect has been known about ever since the first tests. That's why we have the freezers. Didn't you learn about this?"

Sam coughed embarrassedly. "No, I never expected to leave the Halkan Services metroplex."

"So what are you doing out here? What do you want with a hell hole like Edenia?"

"I'm escorting the new third generation Tashita Central Nervous System to Halkan on Edenia. I'm an analyst, but I can perform the required hardware surgery in a pinch. I wasn't supposed to go, but the girl I'm replacing was arrested yesterday."

Third generation CNS was new to me. My last ship was fitted with a first generation system, I didn't even know that there had been a second. That was the only problem with jockeying. You spent so long away from civilization that everything changed. Still, the money was good.

"You were telling me about cop out," prompted Sam.

"Yeah, right. Where was I? Oh yes, the Big Empty. Well, it affects something in the brain. It's something to do with mylar coating on the nerves, or something like that. Anyway, you go vegetable if you

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don't freeze, it's as simple as that."

I finished my drink and called over the barkeep. Sam must have figured that we were only jestering, he had finally finished his first glass.

"However," Zena said as I ordered another round, "Big Empty can still hit you in the freezers. You're supposed to be safe, but there's always that small percentage that you're going to cop out. There was that guy on the *Midnight Ice*. He thought there were little green men living inside his head, so he tried to chop his skull open to get them out. Cop out."

"So much of it depends on the ship," I said, handing out the beer. "Which one you booked with?"

"Ah, the *Adler*."

Zena sat back and laughed, "Well, you've got no worries there then. That's a german ship - she won't fail on you."

"Mind you, the ship maybe safe but the food certainly isn't. I'd slip straight into the freezers and avoid the pre-freeze meal if I were you." The germans were great engineers but lousy cooks.

Sam shifted on his stool. "So, don't you worry? I mean, with all these terrible things that can go wrong. Don't you ever think that your next trip might be your last."

"Not really," answered Zena. "Ships are getting safer everytime. I mean, you go out on a three year round trip and when you get back you get a new ship that's three years more reliable."

"Not only that," I added, "but you won't find a star jockey without his lucky St Kopek."

"The patron saint of spacemen," he smiled. He knew that one.

I reached around my neck and pinched through the cord around my neck with my nails. I pulled the cord and the medallion out and rolled the severed ends of the cord between my fingers. In moments they had healed so there was no scar. Cellular plastic, one of the new wonders surprising me this time. I wondered what would change when I returned again in two years.

I passed the medallion over to Sam. "Three kinds of beans," he read. He flipped it over to see the three coffee beans on the other side. He looked at Zena, "Have you got one?"

"Of course, a tattoo. But I'm not showing you here," she raised her eyebrows suggestively.

I felt a faint tinge of jealousy as he smiled briefly and blushed. Tugging my medallion away from his grasp, I slipped it around my neck and glanced at my wrist implant. "It's time I made a move. Early start in the morning." I tipped back my head and emptied my glass, then stood.

"Hey, hold on-" said Sam.

"Yes. Just one more drink. I'll get it." Zena looked around for the barkeep and tried to catch his eye. I returned to my stool.

"So, where you going?"

"Sirius," I said once I had settled down again.

"Supply run to an Essen mining platform, the *Atargatis*. Year out, year back. Sleepwalk."

"On the *Mombassa Oak*, did you say?" Zena finally caught the barkeep's eye. "Isn't that an old Vet

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design?"

"The 33a," I told her. "It's being scrapped after this run. I cast an eye over her last week. They're doing some serious work kitting her out for this job." I looked over to Sam, "I'm getting a first generation CNS-e7. Anything I should know?"

He shrugged, "Not really. They're pretty reliable. Take care of itself."

"Well there's a surprise," I said sarcastically. "Like everything else. We're nothing more than janitors, you know. We don't do anything. The ship takes off, navigates itself through the Big Empty and docks at the other end. I don't have to press so much as a single button. Sometimes I just-"

"No," said Zena sharply. "Don't wish or it might come true. Ah, here are the drinks." She started to take them from the barkeep.

"Sirius," mulled Sam. "Isn't that a double star?"

I shrugged. It didn't matter to me. One destination was pretty much like any other. Black, empty and cold.

"You going to Sirius?"

I looked up at the barkeep and nodded.

"Atargatis?" He said it in a thick accent that I couldn't place.

"Yeah. Why?"

"You supply ship?"

"Yeah. So?"

"*Shadowfaith* left for Sirius five month back." He turned to leave.

"Whoa," called Zena, halting him. "How do you know?"

"Crew here. Drink. Talk." The barkeep left.

I looked down at my drink and thought.

*Shadowfaith* was Osaka's ship. What was one of the Essen board members doing at a tiny mining outpost in a dead end system?

Sam coughed, "I heard rumours recently. Through Halkan."

I looked up at Sam, "Rumours about what?"

"Osaka was buying weaponry recently. State of the art firepower. Sonita 12.64mm Close Assault Weapons. Optik Laboratories 70 Megawatt Auto-Lasers. Heavy stuff."

Zena stared incredulously, "It's just a mining platform. What do they want with all that hardware?"

"Rumour around Halkan had it that Essen had discovered some form of actuated liquid superconductor. Chezalure Chemicals had somehow got wind of it. I think you'll find the *Spirit of St Louis* headed out that way just before Osaka left."

I rolled my eyes ceilingwards. I hoped I wasn't walking into a warzone. That would be fun.

"Great. Anything else to cheer me up?"

"Just getting my own back," he smiled smugly.

Zena looked at him and raised an eyebrow.

"For those horror stories," he elaborated. "You had me there for a moment," he added seeing Zena smile mischievously.

"So," she said, "We embellished them a little. Here and there."

"If you want some fun, get hold of *Crossover* by a guy called Smythe. It's superb for lurid accidents and

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mysterious happenings. You can get great reactions from idly dropping them in casual conversation." I laughed, "What we've said is the tip of the iceberg."

He suddenly looked a little less certain.

"Perhaps," I added, "You had best read it upon your return." I stood, "Now, I really must get away." I finished my drink and left Zena and Sam behind. I weaved through the almost empty bar and out into the corridor. Now, could I get to my quarters without entering a zero-gee area? The Vetz dockyards had changed a little since I had been here last and I doubted I could managed to find my way back at all. I consulted a wallmap and eventually found myself a route that I could walk.

A de-tox tab would prevent a hangover in the morning. I popped one in the communal bathroom and splashed water on my face. It was a shame the de-tox took so long to act. Head swimming sluggishly in a thick syrup, I stumbled to my coffin sized quarters and fell asleep.

Unfortunately, there was no way of avoiding the zero-gee areas in the morning. I had to catch the shuttle that would ferry me over to the Mombassa Oak, and that meant zero gravity. I packed slowly, trying to delay the inevitable moment. It's really embarrassing. Space nausea is suffered by dirtsiders, not experienced spacers. My other patron saint is whoever invented artificial gravity. I could not have been any of those early astronauts (Hell, they didn't even have Kopek watching over them).

I stood at the door between the two sections and

took a deep breath. Reaching down I peeled off the soles of my shoes, revealing the velcrose layer beneath. I shoved the soles in a ziptight pocket on my kitbag, and slung it over my shoulder out of harms way. Moving forward, the door opened automatically and I stepped out into nausea.

As usual, I felt fine at first but after a few minutes I began feeling queasy. I walked dead straight along the 'bottom' of the corridor. Others walked along the walls and ceiling, ignoring my discomfort. The sound of footsteps was replaced by the risp-rasp of repeating velcrose. And the pounding of my heart.

I should be used to this. I've been a spacer 18 years now. Ah but, I told myself, at least thirteen of those have been asleep. That left five years, most of which was spent in artificial gravity. So I suppose my space sickness was not that shameful. Still, it was embarrassing.

It was none too soon before I strapped myself into the comforting, padded acceleration couch on the shuttle. It was not compulsory - we would not be accelerating anywhere fast. It was psychologically comforting though.

"You okay?" The pilot twisted around to watch me strap myself in. He looked older than I did but his shoulder patch only indicated eight years of service. Hell, anyone with eight years of service was older than me. I supposedly had ten years experience on him, but had only lived five of those.

"I'm fine. Just a touch of space sickness."

He grinned and turned away. I listened idly to the professional banter between him and traffic control and breathed a sigh of relief as a faint pressure against my

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back told me we were moving.

The view outside slowly rotated until we were facing the western drydocks. The *Mombassa Oak* was out there, somewhere. The pilot guided us gently through ratlines and crowded space. Spacers on flybuggies darted past. Robots tugging lumps of machinery drifted towards half completed ships. New ships, not like mine.

"See that one," the pilot pointed towards a half completed ship in the nearest drydock. "That's going to be the new *Fly By Night*. She's going to be one mother of a mover." There was awe in his voice.

I craned my neck to get a better view. Sure, the *Fly By Night* was going to be an impressive ship by any standards. I could tell this already. The drives were shrouded from view, but the crew section was open to view. Heavily plated, the nose of the ship had a feral, dangerous line.

"She's going to be fast. They say she's got some experimental Crossover Drive. Expected to do Barnard's Run in under three months."

I whistled appreciatively. That was fast, knocking over a month off the best times. I looked harder at the unfinished ship. Specks of light reflected off robots and dockers working on her. I noticed the dark shape of a patrol droid floating protectively near the shrouded drive section. I doubted it was alone. Vetz was keeping this one under wraps.

I watched until we drifted out of sight, then turned my attention on what appeared to be a piece of metallic driftwood. The *Mombassa Oak* was not a pretty craft by anyone's standards. The Vetz 33a was not an elegant

design at the best of times, but the *Mombassa Oak* had been retrofitted on numerous occasions and her original lines could only just be discerned beneath a mass of additional equipment.

The *Mombassa Oak* had been tugged out of her drydock and sat in open space, just waiting for her skipper. Me. The supply pod dwarfed the ship by comparison. It locked onto a dorsal mount, above the Oak's massive drive section and was at least ten times the length of my fifty metre ship. There, I was already calling her 'my' ship.

If the *Mombassa Oak* looked like nothing more than a piece of metal and plastic space debris, the pod looked like a long bloated sack. Blisters and warts decorated what might have been an elegantly tubular surface. One particularly unsightly mess towards its end was the Crossover Booster, ensuring that the Crossover field stretched tight around the pod.

Together, the Oak and pod looked like a vast queen termite loaded with eggs. As a drone approaches its queen, we slowly crept closer to the massive ship. The pilot concentrated on the controls, receiving information from his onboard. With a slight nudge we mated.

I scrambled out of the couch and pushed through to the docking ring. There was gravity aboard the *Mombassa Oak*.

"Welcome aboard, skipper," said a black girl with 'Smith F.J.' stencilled above her breast pocket and three years service on her shoulder.

"Thank you Smith. F. J." I said with more feeling than was necessary. I had weight again.

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She laughed, "It's Fiona, please. Let me show you around."

"You can go if you like. I'm sure I can find my way."

"Maybe," she said opening the pressure door to the interior, "But I had best show you around anyway."

I followed her through, relishing the sensation of weight again. Tossing my kitbag on a bunk, I sat myself beside it and replaced the soles on my shoes.

"Okay," Fiona popped open a panel revealing a mass of circuitry. "This is where we've hidden the CNS. Do you want to give it a name?"

"No, Computer will do."

"Okay." She reached over and tapped buttons on the command panel. "CNS-e7. Keyword is 'Computer'."

"Keyword is Computer," repeated the sexless voice.

"I can do this myself you know," I said.

"Ah, I guess you can." Fiona popped the panel closed and shrugged. "If you have any difficulties the manual is in the infeed." She pulled open the hardcopy feed to reveal a mass of paper. "It's pretty reliable, so I doubt you'll need it."

She walked past me to something I didn't recognise. "This is the only non-standard piece of kit. It's a dispenser for stuff from the cargo pod. Anything you want, just ask for. There's five years worth of supplies for two hundred and fourteen people in there, so I doubt there's anything it can't supply. There's a list on file if you need it."

I watched, then my eye caught sight of something

else and I started rummaging through my kitbag. Fiona, looking through the viewscreen at the orbital dockyards, had not noticed.

"And that's about it. Ah, no. Except for one more thing. Now, where is she?" Fiona stared opening lockers, hunting for something.

I ignored her and concentrated on a gleaming white appliance in the corner. Standard equipment on any spaceship, interstellar or otherwise. There was more feeling generated by this one item than any other, including Crossover Drive. If the Kopek patent zero-gee coffee perculator failed, the ship failed. It was coffee that ran the ships, not the Crossover Drive.

I slotted my own supply of coffee into the machine and waited. Lights flickered green, but the real proof was in the tasting. While I waited something nudged my legs. I looked down to see green eyes framed by smoky grey fur. The ship's cat.

"Ah, I see you've found Hydrant."

I knelt and scratched the cat behind the ears.

"Well Hydrant, are you a boy or a girl?"

"Girl," supplied Fiona. Hydrant said nothing, as was the way of cats.

"That's about it, I think. Time I went. Have a good trip."

"Thanks," I muttered absently. The coffee was almost ready.

Behind me the pressure door slid open and shut as Fiona stepped back to the shuttle. As I took my first sip of the piping hot liquid a low clank echoed through the ship. The shuttle had left. I sat in the command couch

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with my feet on the console, watching the shuttle disappear into the drydock maze. Hydrant sat on my lap, washing herself.

"Computer."

"Yes skipper?"

"I think it's time we left. Run diagnostic."

"Running," the CNS replied.

I didn't really have to tell the computer to do that, but it was reassuring to actually do something on board. A row of lights lit a uniform green on a board above me.

"Diagnostic run and complete. All systems functional," the CNS said unnecessarily.

"Okay, let's go."

"Interfacing with flight control. Prepare for acceleration. Countdown Running. Three, two, one, go."

Almost imperceptibly the low background hum deepened as the reaction drive pushed the ship out of orbit towards Crossover. Vetz dockyards slid past slowly as the *Mombassa Oak* started its one year voyage to another star.

"Adios," I said softly.

I didn't do anything for the first couple of hours except stare out of the viewscreen. Not that there was much to do anyway. We would reach Crossover point in two days. I could go straight to sleep now, but I preferred to stay awake as long as possible, checking and double checking. The yards might have given the *Oak* a clean bill of health, but they weren't the ones trusting their lives to it.

### 3 January 2134. First day of voyage.

*All systems green.*

I couldn't think of anything else to put in the log. I had spent a couple of hours checking my freezer, but it checked out green. There were three other freezers, relics from back when a crew of four was carried as standard. Back when the companies realised that they were paying four people too much for doing too little. The three other freezers were old but serviceable. One was littered with cat hairs. No guessing which was Hydrant's.

Highlight of the second day was an unplanned spacewalk. I didn't have to do it, but it made a change. The dispenser had developed a glitch. I asked for drypak pizza and got a pair of size 44 mining boots. They didn't even fit.

I found one fault in the hardware - one of the pop-chips had come loose. I pressed it back home and dialled another pizza but something must have caused a blockage. I could have sent one of the robot drones out to take a look, but I was restless already. The CNS located the blockage quickly enough and it looked an easy job.

Sure enough, it took me little more than an hour, most of which was spent sightseeing. The blockage itself was a couple of pizzas, the ones I had ordered. They were jammed in the delivery chute running between the cargo pod and the dispenser aboard the *Oak*.

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#### 4 January 2134. Second day of voyage.

*Minor hardware failure in dispenser unit causing chute blockage. Diagnosed and repaired successfully. All systems green.*

The rest of the day I composed letters to various friends and relatives and fired them back to Vetz for posting. I watched an old movie before hitting the sack. It was one I had brought with me, and one I had seen several times already. There were surprisingly few movies in the pod, until I realised earlier ones would have been taken when the miners first went out. All the entertainment packages aboard were under two years old.

That night I had a dream about two ship linked fatally by threads of lethal green and red. An imaginary space battle between the *Shadowfaith* and the *Spirit of St Louis*. I woke in a sweat and hunted for the weaponry locker. I checked the Armstrong 35 MW hand laser and tried it out on the mining boots, blasting them to slag. Pity the power cell was only half charged.

Four hours from Crossover and it was time to go to sleep. I ran a quick eye over the Crossover drive, but it was beyond me. I knew where the antimatter pellets were loaded, but that was about it. All the lights were green, and that was good enough for me.

#### 5 January 2134. Third day of voyage.

*Approaching Crossover. Another minor glitch in dispenser, but otherwise all systems green.*

I discovered the glitch as when I ordered the pre-freeze meal the dispenser delivered considerably more than I had asked for. Hydrant and I both ate well, and there was plenty left over. I didn't worry about the glitch, I was quite happy for it to deliver more than I asked for.

After the meal it was time for the big chill. I knew better than to try and put a freezerbag on an alert Hydrant, so I put her to sleep first before bagging her up and shoving her in the freezer. With greens all over her board I started to undress.

I sat in the freezer, with the freezerbag as far as my waist. I held the syringe in my hand and aimed carefully. I don't know what it is in the junk they pump into you, but it leaves a little black circle. Spacers love them, scars of their profession. I had arranged mine into a small pattern on my arm. This sixth formed the last of a hexagon. Others did things differently. Zena, I knew, was creating a lewd join-the-dots picture on her thigh.

The syringe had to stay for the duration, allowing the CNS to pump me full of all sorts of drugs if I went critical. It had been known. I taped the syringe to my arm and pulled the freezerbag over my head, sealing it shut. Tubes snaked out from the bag and into the freezer, one carrying my syringe feed.

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I lay down and the freezer hood sealed over me.  
"Good night computer."

There was no reply. I started to feel tired, closed my eyes and fell asleep.

Three hundred and ninety-one days and eight point seven light years later, I woke up.

Everything was cold. My arm was aching where the hypodermic had injected me with something to wake me up. But why was it so cold? I opened my eyes to see red lights everywhere. Emergency!

The freezer hood had already swung open and I sat upwards and tore the freezerbag away. I was in no mind for being tidy - the CNS needed a damn good reason to put me through emergency defrost. I was not about to hang about tidying up. The freezing jelly had not yet drained away and it splashed liberally across the deck as I leapt for the nearest pressure suit.

"Computer, what's going on?" I grunted, still groggy from the abrupt waking. I could faintly smell burning.

"I hurt," came the reply.

I hurt? What kind of programming was that? I scanned the console while struggling into the pressure suit. Pressure had not yet been lost, but if this was a real emergency it could go any second. The console was littered with little red lights. What had happened?

My mind reached back and dragged forth memories of a dream about a battle between the *Shadowfaith* and the *Spirit of St Louis*. I almost shouted my surrender at that point, but that would have been foolish. "Computer, scan area."

"Scanning..." There was a brief pause while I clicked my helmet into place. "Nothing in range -kipper." I looked in concern at the computer, "Where are we?"

"C-Crossover point."

"Run diagnostic."

"Running. Crossover Drive malfunction. -ooster Drive failed. Cargo still in Big Empty. Resulting energy surge d-damaged Crossover Drive. Secondary power -estroyed. CNS fatally -ounded. Background silicon -eriation setting in. Backup components failed."

I swore. That made me feel better, so I swore again. At least it wasn't battle damage, so I would not have to contend with anything so friendly as a boarding party. Heat from the suit began to filter through to my cold flesh. All that was missing was coffee.

"Computer, have we enough fuel to reach *Atargatis*?"

"Confirmed."

"Are the reaction drives still functioning?"

"Confirmed."

"Are we on rendezvous course?"

"Confirmed."

That was something. "Estimated time of arrival?"

"Two point four days."

Excellent. Now I had to get in touch with them. They would have enough parts to get me back, I only hoped they had enough supplies to last them another two years. I doubted it, but perhaps they had enough freezers. I doubted that as well. This fateful voyage was probably their death knell.

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"Computer, cancel mayday." The distress call was automatic and would have sounded immediately the CNS registered the malfunction. The *Atargatis* should have been responding by now though.

"Distress call not sent. Transmiss- damaged."

"Great," I muttered. I still needed a coffee and programmed the Kopek before starting my own tour of damage inspection. The computer panel that Fiona had checked when I arrived proved to be a real mess and the source of the smouldering I could smell. I slid out the circuit boards and looked forlornly at the chips. All sorts had gone, not least of which was the navigation routines. Without that there was no way of getting back through Crossover and to home. Still, *Atargatis* would have that sort of stuff.

Several other chips were obviously fried, and if background silicone deterioration (whatever that was) was setting in then I could expect more to go. There should be a chip-analyser somewhere aboard the *Mombassa Oak*. Intelligently enough, it was sitting behind the adjacent panel. With my coffee by my side, I sat on the floor and proceeded to check the chips.

I would have to check them again later, but for now I definitely knew I needed the navigation chip, the Crossover power-regulation chip, and the freezer control chip.

That done I cast an eye over the drive. The lights were green and it looked okay. Still, it would be best if I asked one of the *Atargatis*'s crew to check it over. I didn't know what use the mining platform had for antimatter pellets, but I certainly needed a few more. I

had half a canister left, which would only throw me a couple of light years. I needed at least two more.

Some of the freezers were damaged. I was lucky, Hydrant was less fortunate. I left her there for the moment, I'd do something about her later.

Food was a bit of a problem. All that I had to eat was the remains of the pre-freezer meal, and only that which I had left in its drypak. A pizza, three sandwiches and two tins of prime catfood. Not a feast to set before a king, but it would keep me alive.

The artificial gravity was still working, which meant there was nothing wrong with the reaction drive. There was obviously nothing wrong with the pressure. The failure had not ruptured the hull, a fact for which I was eternally grateful. More than a couple of hours in a pressure suit is enough for anyone to cop out.

Which left the radio. Which I had to repair.

It turned out to be really trivial. I checked the physical components after persuading the CNS to tell me where they were. They checked out and eventually I traced the fault to the antenna outside. The diagnostic chip had given up the ghost long before I found it. I didn't mind. A little hard work wasn't doing this janitor any harm.

I suited up and went for a spacewalk. The missing cargo pod shocked me. It had seemed so familiar and reassuring on my last trip outside. I studied the torn and twisted mountings before turning away. As I did, something caught my eye - a package somehow wedged under the broken dispenser. It was a drypak cactus. I couldn't think of anything more useless, and tossed it into

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the inky darkness.

"Well, there's another one for *Crossover*."

The unfamiliar stars barely fazed me, but the huge gas giant in the distance did. I had forgotten about that. A brown dwarf, or something. Why on earth was it called a brown dwarf when it was so radiantly blue? I eventually dragged my gaze away and scrambled over the ship to where the antenna was pointing towards the still invisible *Atargatis*. The broken connection was easy to find and took only a moment to weld tight.

I chinned the mike, "Mombassa Oak to *Atargatis*. Come in *Atargatis*, this is Mombassa Oak."

I waited several minutes, but there was no reply. Perhaps the radio was still broken? Still, I should have been getting incoming calls. Surely they would have spotted me by now?

"Mombassa Oak to *Atargatis*," I repeated a little more desperately. Why didn't they respond?

It puzzled me, but not enough to stay out here. The thought of another coffee spurred my actions onwards and in a few minutes I was through the airlock and out of the suit. Moments after that I was relaxing in the acceleration couch with my feet up and a coffee in my hands. Suddenly the problem of not being able to contact the mining platform did not seem to be so urgent. It was probably a faulty transmitter on their part.

I tried again to raise them, without success. Worries gradually crept in again. Why weren't they answering? Perhaps the *Spirit of St Louis* had destroyed the platform?

"Computer, run me a visual scan of *Atargatis*, as

much detail as you can give me."

"-firmed."

At least the CNS was still taking orders. I wondered how long that would last. The scan would take a while to build up a detailed image, so I decided to attend to Hydrant.

There's a popular myth perpetuated by the movie industry that spacers traditionally bury their dead in space, leaving them to float eternally in the heavens. It doesn't work like that, but I honestly couldn't think of anything else to do with Hydrant. I scooped her lifeless body out of the lukewarm gloop and dumped it in the airlock. I said a few dumb words then hit the manual override, opening the outer doors. She was gone.

### **31 January 2135. Three hundred and ninety-fourth day of voyage.**

*Severe malfunction in Crossover Drive. Cargo lost, CNS failing. Fuel low. Am unable to reach Essen mining platform Atargatis, they don't respond. Atargatis appears undamaged. Ship's cat died in freezer malfunction, buried at sea.*

Sure enough the image had shown the base to be perfectly intact. No battle damage was evident. Perhaps they had all gone stir crazy? Why didn't they respond?

After I had slept I started theorising wildly. Perhaps UFOs had visited and carted them all away? Perhaps the *Spirit of St Louis* had boarded and taken the *Atargatis*. Perhaps I had copped out after all?

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To relieve the boredom, and to take my mind away from increasingly strange ideas I hunted through the library for information on Atargatis and Sirius.

Sirius was a double system. Sirius-A was a type A1 star. Sirius-B was a more interesting A7 white dwarf. Each orbited the other about a common centre. The rest of the system was fairly dull, a collection of rocks, ice and gas giants. The platform was located on something called a shepherding satellite, part of an ancient world which had been torn apart by tidal forces. The rest of the world was scattered in the brown dwarf's orbit. Damn clever whoever it was that had figured all this out. They even reckoned that the world had an atmosphere.

I forwarded through the technical stuff, it was all greek to me anyway. Following that were a couple of legends about the 'Dog Star'. The funniest was about a tribe of ancient africans that believed a bunch of intelligent frogs had descended from Sirius and told them what a wonderful place it was. Their knowledge of the double system was quite uncanny - the africans (they called themselves the Dogon tribe) apparently knew about it long before a guy called Bessel announced the presence of Sirius-B in 1844. Weird.

Over my second coffee of the day I browsed through the data on *Atargatis*. It was a standard Essen construction, modular design and built by Essen VN-II von Neumann machines. Work had started five years ago and was ready to start production a year after that.

The *Atargatis* mined a Bipolar Cobalt Lattice which was essential for the new level of theoretically intelligent CNS computers. The Lattice could be

produced in the laboratory, but only minute quantities as it required incredible pressures, staggering temperatures, and a very long time. The material crystallised at an agonisingly slow rate. To get a crystal the size of a pinhead would take something in the order of five thousand years.

Crystals the size of thumbnails had been found by an Essen probe on the shepherd. Theorists predicted crystals the size of footballs deeper in the satellite, and maybe on other rocks as well. No wonder Essen had set up *Atargatis*.

As yet, there had been no further exploration, but the file said it was a future possibility if the *Atargatis* was a success.

I called up the plans and browsed through them. It seemed as everything I needed, the chips and the fuel would be there. The food was bound to be there, two hundred men had to eat something. They still didn't answer my calls for help, but I had given up thinking of reasons. I'd find out tomorrow.

**1st February 2135. Three hundred and ninety fifth day of voyage.**

*CNS deteriorating. Atargatis still refuses to break radio silence. Food very low.*

In fact, I had eaten the first of the tins of catfood just before I slept. I was saving the second for later and was beginning to look forward to it. It wasn't all that bad, certainly tastier than the drypak sandwiches. Probably

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more nutritious too.

I could see the shepherding satellite when I woke. I could also see that the *Mombassa Oak* had inherited some unwelcome stabilization problems.

"Computer, we're spinning."

"-n. -. -rol."

Damn, the computer was just about dead.

"Computer, give me control," I ordered.

No reply.

"Computer," I shouted. "Give me control!"

"Y-you ... -ontrol."

Thank you. "I have control," I confirmed.

The controls were dead, the computer had not heard me. "I have control," I shouted desperately. The spin was increasing.

"Confirmed." The controls suddenly responded and I was flying the *Mombassa Oak* alone. Calling on skills I hadn't used in years I brought the ship back on course.

"-ek. Na- ... -in."

I didn't understand a word, but I knew what it meant. I needed a new CNS board as well. I hoped the mining platform had a spare, the CNS was not something I could live without. There was no sense in worrying about it now, I had a ship to pilot.

Four hours and as many cups of coffee later I made final course corrections. Essen mining platform *Atargatis* lay silent below me. The complex had power, but apparently no life. Not if the radio silence was anything to go by.

A few gentle nudges on the control column and

the *Mombassa Oak* mated with the *Atargatis* with nothing more than a slight bump. I permitted myself a gentle smile, "Not bad for a janitor."

I unstrapped myself from the acceleration couch and stared outside at the platform complex. Where was everybody? That mystery would soon solve itself, and then I could return to the problem of fixing the *Mombassa Oak* and returning home.

Perhaps this time I'd get a promotion.

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# THE SHIP

## MOMBASSA OAK

Ship name : MOMBASSA OAK

Ship type : VETZ TYPE TU/3C

Owner : CONLANE (58% Essen owned charter firm)

Layed down: 13th May 2129

Length : 180 ft

Hight : 65 ft

Width : 80 ft

Weight : 2150 tons

Computer : Second generation Tashita central nervous  
System (CNS)

### Haulage rating

0.1% failure 9800 tons

50% failure 20127 tons (estimated)

### Drives

#### In-system

: Villards 49 Reaction drive

Max 4.9g acceleration (unladen)

#### Crossover

: Nysan type 5/knb Fueled by

Nysan CT pellets (CT/5/knb)

### Crew

4 max. (Normal deep sleep  
compliment for routine hauls 1)

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MOMBASSA OAK LOG

Shakedown tour

Date left :22nd Oct 2130  
Returned :18th Oct 2131  
destination :New Bali, Proxima Centauri  
distance :4.5 ly  
time :326 days in crossover total.  
carrying out : 5000 tons seeds/microchips/  
organoplasms/medical  
supplies.  
carrying in :6700 tons Biospecimens/mineral  
samples/letters/videos

Notes: Orbital rendezvous with the 'Ghost of Komodo'  
Ship performed well, on outward leg  
crossover drive showed reluctance to re-enter  
normal space, estimated 0.002 milliseconds  
delay. No structural damage.  
  
No problems on return leg.

Date left : 23rd Jan 2132  
Returned : 5th Apr 2133  
destination : Part of Survey Convoy to Barnard's star  
distance : 6 ly  
time : 436 days in crossover total.  
carrying out : 9600 tons (300 people(deepslumberers +  
personal effects) / scientific equipment.  
carrying in :empty  
  
Notes: :Uneventful outward leg.  
Inward leg :0.001 millisecond delay in crossover on  
re-entering normal space.  
Fault untracable.

Date left : 1st Jun 2133  
Returned : 26th Jun 2133  
destination : Deep range 7, Oort cloud  
distance : 0.2 ly  
time :18 days in crossover total.  
carrying out : 3200 tons basic supplies/luxuries  
carrying in : 9800 tons petrochemicals/plutonite slabs  
  
Notes: Food dispenser malfunction, fixed easily.

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Date left :10th Sept 2133  
Returned :5th Dec 2133  
destination :Testudo nine slowboat  
distance :1.2 ly  
time :92 days in crossover total.  
carrying out : 4000 tons basic supplies/luxuries  
carrying in : 415 returning opt-outs (deepsleepers).

Notes : Outward bound slight crossover failure,  
overshot by 600 million miles.  
No traceable cause.

Return leg : uneventful.

Date left :3rd Jan 2134  
Returned  
destination Atargatis mining station Sirius system  
distance :8.7 lytime  
carrying out 9800 tons water/basic supplies/luxuries  
carrying in ?

Notes:

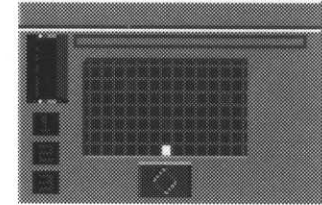
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## MOTION DETECTOR :

This device detects micro changes in air density caused by the motion of a body.

It emits radar beams in the x band and triangulates using doppler and phase shift.

It has a three position coordinate switch used to select scan direction.



Position 1 is used to scan in front of you. Your position is located at the bottom of the scanner.

Position 2 is used to scan behind you. Your position is located at the top of the scanner.

Position 3 is used to scan around you. Your position is located in the center of the scanner.

The detector has a power level indicator which will tell you when to change the power module. The power module is of the universal type 1.

The main screen shows points of light corresponding to the approximate direction and distance of the moving object. Each square on the scanner represents 10 feet in distance or one move location.

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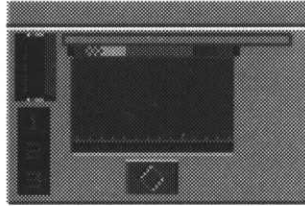
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## ATMOSPHERIC ANALYSER

Determines whether or not the atmosphere is capable of sustaining human life.

When activated many litres of air are sucked in and sampled in only a few seconds..



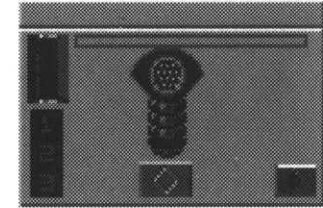
A miniature spectrum analyser determines the presence of various chemicals in the sample and displays them on a bar chart.

As long as the chart only reads in the green zone then the air is safe to breath.

An LED indicator is provided on the power module to indicate charge remaining. The power module is of the universal type 1.

## PERSONAL COMMUNICATOR

Everyone has a personal communicator. Not only does it enable you to talk to any other communicator in range but it also updates the ships computer on your health and location.



The communicator runs from a standard power module and an L.E.D indicator shows the power remaining.

Switch one sets the device to the local band and enables you to communicate with the ships crew and computer.

Switch two sets the unit to wide range and allows contact to be established with those within a hundred mile range.

Switch three allows you to place calls via a main computer to anyone anywhere there is a local network

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## STANDARD POWER MODULE

Used to power all types of equipment . It actually consists of a miniature cold fusion chamber able to provide megawatts of energy for short periods.



The power modules come in four different power capacities, from low capacity as used in domestic electrical equipment , to high capacity ones such as those use in heavy weapons.

Simply plug one in to the appropriate slot on your device and your ready to go

## SECURITY PASS

Basically an electronic key in the shape of a standard credit card.

The pass enables access to various parts of the ship. Each card is colour coded and each colour represents a different level of access.



The lowest card level, as issued to loaders etc would not enable them to access the flight deck.

Security droids are also linked in with the security system to protect the most sensistive installations

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## I.D CARD

Everyone is issued with an I.D card. It contains personal data about the holder including their medical records.

The cards built in circuits also monitor the holders life functions and can advice computer central of any anomalies.



The card enables access to various ships equipment such as the store and medical units.

Each card contains a retina scan of the holder so that the card can only be used by the person to whom it was issued.

The card also contains a special transponder that transmits the location of the user and his health stats.

## CREDIT CARD

Everyone is issued with an credit card. It contains a record of the holders bank balance.

The card is automatically updated by his employer when the user works and is automatically debited when the holder purchases items.



The card has totally replaced cash and now the credit is the standard monitary unit throughout the system.

Like the I.D card the credit card contains a retina scan of the holder but this is only used for purchases of over 50 credits.

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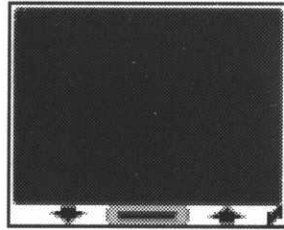
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## COMPUTER CONSOLE

This device allow you to interrogate the ships data banks.

To operate simply insert your data disk and the disks contents will be displayed.



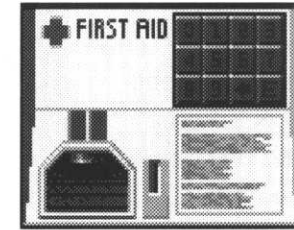
Scroll up and down the message using the arrow keys provided.

Special programme disks can be inserted to reprogramme the ships computer . For instance say you wanted to update the navigation systems destination. You would just insert the appropriate disk and the data will be uploaded automatically

## MEDICAL

The medical unit is able to dispense almost any drug required from headache pills to birth control pills.

However to stop the abuse of such items you have to insert your I.D card in the slot provide and tap in the appropriate code for the medication required.



Caution medication should be taken seriously and proper medical advise should be sought as soon as possible.

The medications I.D code can be provided by a qualified doctor or the ships computer.

Warning keying the wrong code could be very dangerous.

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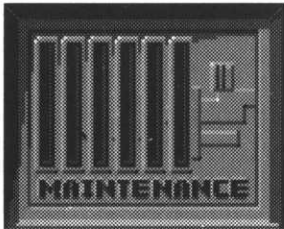
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# C.N.S

The Central Nervous System is the ships "brain". It controls all the ships functions from lighting to life support.

Should in the unlikely event that one of the C.N.S units becomes damaged then spare C.N.S boards and chips can be easily substituted by a skilled technician.



C.N.S circuits are self configuring and any chip can be substituted for any other chip. The unit programs the chip to provide whatever function is needed.

# KOPEK COFFEE MACHINE

Remember if the Kopek patent zero-gee coffee perculator fails ,the ship fails.

This machine allows you to purchase Kopek coffee.



Drinking coffee reduces thirst ,but Kopek coffee does much more than this.

To operate the machine insert you credit card in the slot and click on the button next to the coffee type required.

The cost of the purchase is indicated next to the button and this amount will be debited from your card.

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## DRINK-O-MAT

This machine allows you to purchase drinks.

Drinking reduces thirst.  
Becoming dehydrated will  
effect your health and could  
eventually kill you.



To operate the machine insert you credit card in the slot  
and click on the button next to the name of the purchase  
required.

The cost of the purchase is indicated next to the button  
and this amount will be debited from your card.

## STAK-O-MAT

This machine allows you to purchase food

Food will increase your stamina  
level and make you less  
susceptible to damage from  
attacks.



To operate the machine insert you credit card in the slot  
and click on the button next to the name of the purchase  
required.

The cost of the purchase is indicated next to the button  
and this amount will be debited from your card.

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## ANTI-MATTER DRIVE

This is the heart of the ship. It supplies all the energy needed to power the ship and the crossover drive.

The unit is heavily shielded so that the anti-matter fuel rods cannot come into contact with the outside world.

Three such units drive the Oak and all three must contain an anti-matter pod to allow the ship to function correctly.

Anti-matter pods are extremely dangerous and very fragile , only qualified personal should attempt replacement of drained or damaged pods.



## FIRE EXTINGUISHER

A standard 14 lbs of solid carbon-dioxide fire extinguisher.

The Co2 is released on activation of the button and lasts for several minutes.



Although the bottle itself only weighs 14 lbs a small built in anti-grav device enables the bottle to contain over 200 lbs of solid carbon-dioxide.

Although carbon-dioxide is non toxic caution should be exercised , as use within a small compartment could cause all the air to be expelled

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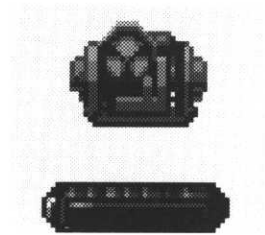
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## ANTI-MATTER POD

When matter and anti-matter come together, huge amounts of energy are released

In the process both the matter and anti-matter annihilate each other.

If this process were not controlled ,one pod would release the equivalent of a trillion mega tons of explosive energy.



Large power plants control the interaction of the matter and antimatter to provide several petawatts of power continuously for years.

The Mombassa Oak has one of these anti-matter power plants located in the main engine room. If this fails the emergency nuclear power backup comes into operation. This will not have sufficient power for hyper-space travel or for a take of from a planets surface.

Special shielded containers are used to transport the pod containing the antimatter as the pod itself is very unstable

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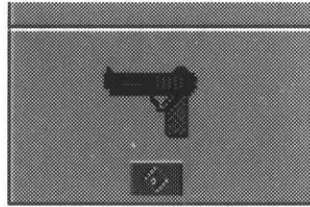
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## 10 mm PISTOL ACP

Standard side arm for flight crew it is a gas operated ,recoilless pistol firing mainly teflon coated uranium , caseless 10mm ammunition.

The magazine holds 15 rounds and an LED indicator on the weapon shows how many rounds remain.



The rate of fire is selectable via a three position switch.

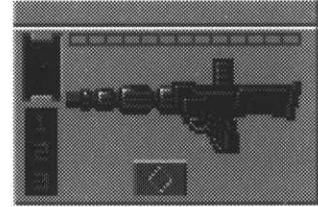
Setting 1. One round is fired every time the trigger is pulled .

Setting 2. Three rounds are fired every time the trigger is pulled.

Setting 3. Rounds are continuously fired until the trigger is released.

## 10 mm ASSAULT RIFLE

Standard rifle issued to armed forces. Like the 10 mm pistol it is gas operated firing caseless teflon coated ammunition. Unlike the pistol it fires a longer round and the two are not interchangeable. Rounds are fired at a higher rate than in the pistol.



The magazine holds 30 rounds and an LED indicator on the weapon shows how many rounds remain.

The rate of fire is selectable via a three position switch.

Setting 1. One round is fired every time the trigger is pulled .

Setting 2. Three rounds are fired every time the trigger is pulled.

Setting 3. Rounds are continuously fired until the trigger is released.

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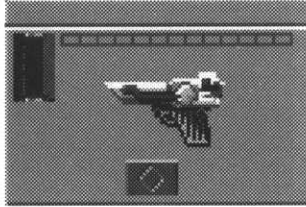
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## LASER PISTOL

A high power chemical laser whose beam will cut through plasteel in seconds.

The high power is derived from a small fusion reaction in the power module which runs out quickly with continuous use. However in stopping power it more than rivals a 10mm round.



The laser will penetrate body armour where a 10mm round will be defeated.

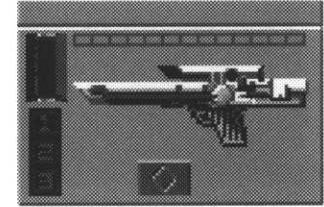
An LED indicator is provided to indicate charge remaining.

The power module is of the universal type .

## LASER RIFLE

A very high power chemical laser whose beam will cut through plasteel in milliseconds.

The very high power is derived from a small fusion reaction in the power module which runs out very quickly with continuous use.



This weapon is not usually carried aboard ships because of the very real danger of breaching the outer hull and causing explosive decompression.

It is normally only used by the military in ground based operations.

The power level is selectable from medium to high to very high each level being double the power of the previous power level.

An LED indicator is provided to indicate charge remaining. The power module is of the universal type

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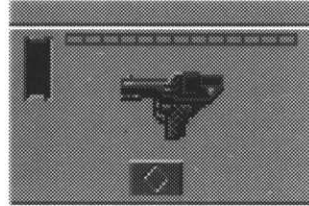
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## 20 mm SUPER MAGNUM

This weapon can really make your day.

Originally designed for the police and security forces it has found much favour with all who use it, as its stopping power is unrivalled by any other similarly sized sidearm.



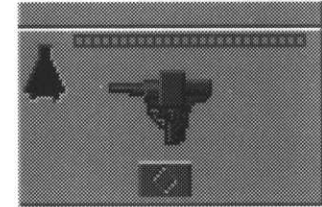
Since the weapon fires a 20 mm exploding shell don't expect to question the target after he has been shot.

The standard row of L.E.D's displays the current load status

## NEEDLE GUN

This weapon fires tiny needles at high velocity. On impact with soft tissue they inject a fast acting sleep agent or poison.

The needles will not penetrate body armour but will pierce a space suit. The rupturing of a suit with such a small hole is not dangerous as suits have an automatic sealing system that can cope with such an event.



The needle gun once loaded with a suitable magazine displays ammunition remaining via a row of L.E.D's.

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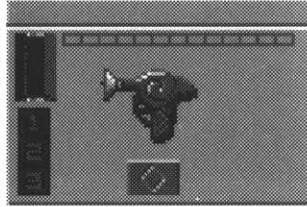
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## STUN GUN

This weapon discharges a huge electrical charge into a target. It will disrupt neurological systems of a lifeform to such an extent that it will render the subject unconscious.



It will stun a man size target for several minutes with no lasting damage.

Its effects on robotic systems is not recommended as it can cause unpredictable results.

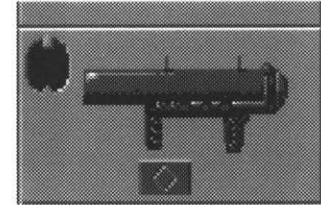
A three position switch allows the charge to be adjusted from level 1 (a painful zap ) to level 3 ( comatose for several minutes ).

The weapon has the standard row of L.E.D's to indicate charge remaining and it is powered by a standard power module

## 75 mm ROCKET LAUNCHER

Designed for anti-armour use, this weapon can be loaded with a variety of shell types.

1. FRAGMENTATION
2. SMOKE
3. INCENDIARY
4. HIGH EXPLOSIVE
5. TEAR GAS
6. NERVE GAS



See the section on grenades for the effect of each round type.

To use the weapon simply load it with the require shell type and push the fire button.

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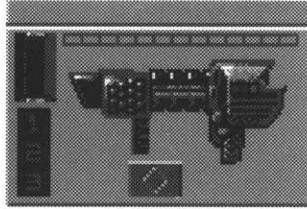
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## PARTICLE ACCELERATOR

A very powerful weapon which accelerates a beam of fast neutrons towards a target. This weapon will punch a hole through almost anything but uses large amounts of power.

The device is powered by a heavy duty power module and a row of L.E.D's shows how much power remains in the weapon.



The three position switch is used to select the power level used, each level being twice the power of the preceding level.

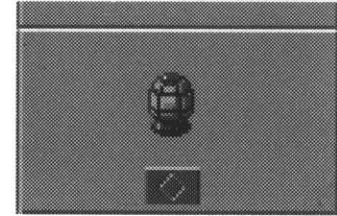
Extreme caution should be employed when using this device as firing it aboard ship can cause a hull breach and the associated explosive decompression of the compartment.

## GRENADES

There are many types of grenade but all have common features. They are all the same size, they all have a 5 second fuse and are not reusable.

### 1. FRAGMENTATION:

100 grams of high explosive send wire shrapnel in all directions. It has a kill radius of 50 feet and will not rupture plasteel walls.



### 2. SMOKE:

A cloud of coloured smoke issues forth for 10 seconds. In an enclosed compartment with no ventilation asphyxiation may occur.

### 3. INCENDIARY:

20 grams of high explosive send 100 grams of pyrophoric material in all directions setting fire to anything flammable within 50 feet. It will not rupture plasteel walls.

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#### 4. HIGH EXPLOSIVE:

This definitely will rupture plasteel walls and as such must never be used in pressurised compartments. Used mainly in demolition this advanced phenolic nitrate explosive is five times more powerful than TNT.

#### 5. TEAR GAS:

Not actually a gas at all but a very finely powdered lachrymatory irritant. When the "gas" comes into contact with the body's moisture it reacts causing extreme irritation. Not usually fatal.

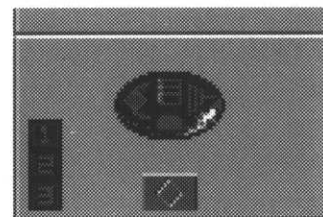
#### 6. NERVE GAS:

Always fatal to man, fluoroisopropoxymethylphosphine oxide is kept under pressure and on activation will fill a room of 20 cubic meters with a lethal dose. The gas will oxidize in a few minutes due to the action of the catalyst rendering it harmless.

### PROXIMITY MINES

Once activated and after a delay set by the three position switch the device will detonate when an object enters its location.

A variety of types are available:



#### 1. FRAGMENTATION

#### 2. SMOKE

#### 3. INCENDIARY

#### 4. HIGH EXPLOSIVE

#### 5. TEAR GAS

#### 6. NERVE GAS

Refer to section on grenades for the effects of each mine type

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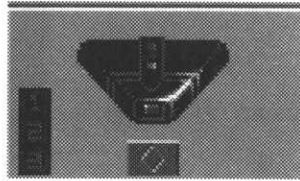
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## GRAVITY MINE

When activated and after a delay set by the three position switch the mine remains passive until something steps on it , whereupon it will exert a huge gravitational field above itself. This will squash anything completely flat.

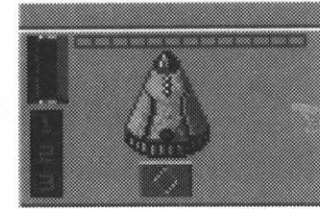


The device functions only once (squashing itself in the process) and is completely safe for use aboard ship.

It is now much favoured over the standard proximity mine as it produces no collateral damage to nearby sensitive systems

## ROBOMINE

When activated this mine will sprout legs and go in search of moving objects. When it enters the moving objects location it detonates its high explosive charge.



A three position switch sets the time delay before the Robomine starts searching for targets.

**CAUTION THIS DEVICE TRACKS ALL MOVING OBJECTS INCLUDING YOU.**

The Robomine is powered by a standard power module and an L.E.D indicator shows the power remaining within the device

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# ATARGATIS

## SIRIUS system

The Sirius system is normally considered to be binary.

The primary Sirius A is of spectral class A7, and seen from Earth is the brightest star in the sky.

Sirius B, a white dwarf of class A1, is much fainter. From Earth Sirius B is invisible to the naked eye.

The presence of Sirius B was postulated by F.W.Bessel in 1834 to account for irregularities in the proper motion of Sirius, it wasn't until 1862 that A.Clark actually observed it.

Not surprising considering it is vastly outshone by its primary; the ratio is 10,000 to 1

However the Sagan telescope launched in 1997 clearly showed a massive planet and a haze of debris orbiting Sirius B.

The planet was obviously a gas giant, but very large, this led onto several astronomers classifying it as a brown dwarf.

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This debate gained momentum when early probes discovered that it radiates several orders of magnitude more energy than it receives.

The Sirius B system including the Brown dwarf (Some now call Sirius C) are currently under license to the ESSEN mining group(until 31st Dec 2140).

This license was granted by the Earths Stewardship board for exploration, and small scale mining after an Essen probe had discovered large (1 cm.) crystals of Leighnarium on the surface of the Shepherd in 2120.

Leighnarium is a Bipolar Cobalt Lattice used in CNS computer production, it crystallizes extremely slowly (roughly 1 mm. per 5000 years), and requires high pressures and temperatures.

Industrial production is thus impractical.

The shepherd is around 150 miles across, its composition indicated to ESSEN that bigger crystals may be found deeper in.

In 2129 after lengthy negotiations ESSEN gained the license and dispatched one of their VN-II Von Neumann machines to pre-build the mining station .

The VN-II takes about a year to get a fully livable environment setup, at the end of this time it shuts down leaving a modular constructed habitat ready for the first workers.

The mining base built on the Shepherd was named Atargatis.

### ATARGATIS Stage1

The licence agreed limits the exploration to Sirius C orbitals within 1.5 AU's.

Size: Standard multi-level VN-II construct.

Commissioned: Jan 2131

Workers: 200 (inc 50 research staff)

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### KEY PERSONNEL

Anthony Hanson..... Station Manager  
Dr. Joan Holimbrook... Head of Geological Research  
Dr. Keith French..... Chief Medic  
Prof Simon Quin..... Biologist (Recently added to staff)  
Dr. Wilhelm Kofman.... Ethnologist (Recently added to staff)  
Juan Osterley..... Engineering  
Yuri Bayanov..... Head of Mining

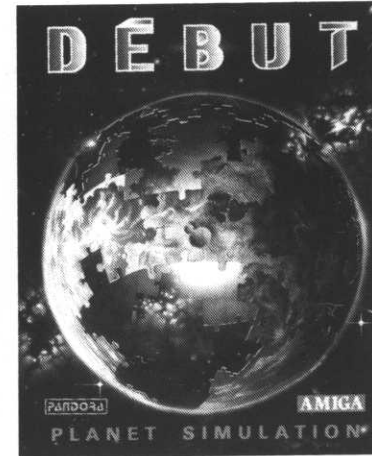
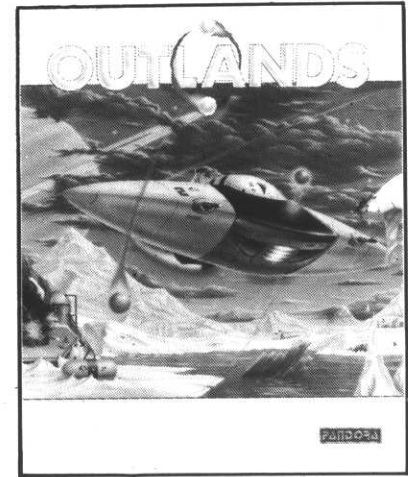
No further public information regarding Atargatis.

END OF XENOMORPH MANUAL  
REFER TO APPENDIX SHEET FOR  
MACHINE SPECIFIC INFORMATION

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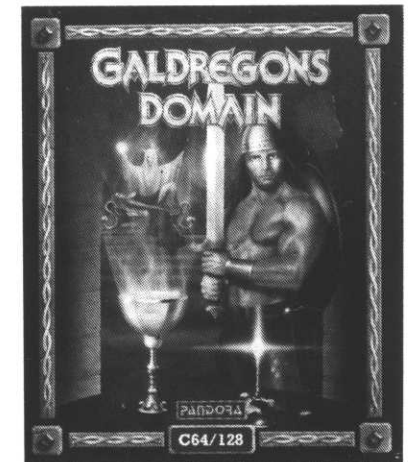
### OUTLANDS

2037. The Aliens came in peace promising to share a vast medical Knowledge with man. They were welcomed. The apparent peace was short lived, and it is now your task to defend the earth from imminent destruction.



### DEBUT

The future of the planet lies in your hands. You have the hardware necessary to control the ecosystem itself. It has become your world, your future.



### GALDREGONS DOMAIN

The evil wizard, Azazael, has been resurrected. It is your task to recover the five gems of Zator. Azazael is after the same prize, he will let no-one stand in his way in his fight for ultimate power.